In the maine battell,whoſe puiſſance on eyther ſide
Shall be well winged with our chiefeſt Horſe?
This,and Saint *George* to boote, what thinkeſt thou not.
Nor. A good direction warlike Soueraigne, *He ſheweth*
This found I one my Tent this morning. *him a paper.*
Iockey of Norfolke,be not to bold,
For Dickon thy maſter is bought and ſold.
King. A thing deuiſed by the enemy,
Goe Gentlemen euery man vnto his charge,
Let not our babling dreames affright our ſoules,
Conſcience is a word that cowards vſe,
Deuiſde at firſt to keepe the ſtrong in awe,
Our ſtrong armes be our conſcience, our ſwords our law.
March on, ioyne brauely, let vs to it pell mell,
If not to Heauen, then hand in hand to Hell, *His Oration*
What ſhall I ſay more then I haue inferd, *to his Army.*
Remember who you are in cope withall,
A ſort of Vagabonds, Raſcols, and run-awayes,
A ſcum of *Brittaines*, and baſe Iackey Peſants,
Whom their ore cloyed Country vomits forth
To deſperate aduentures and aſſur'd deſtruction,
You ſleeping ſafe they bring you to vnreſt:
You hauing lands,and bleſt with beautious wiues,
They would reſtraine the one,diſtaine the other,
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow?
Long kept in *Brittaine* at our mothers coſt,
A milke-ſop one that neuer in his life
Felt ſo much cold as ouer ſhooes in Snow:
Lets whip theſe ſtraglers ore the Seas againe,
Laſh hence theſe ouerweening rags of *France*,
Theſe famiſht beggers weary of their liues.
VVho but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of meanes poore rats had hang'd themſelues.
If we be conquered let men conquer vs,
And not theſe baſtard *Brittaines* whom our fathers
Haue in their owne land beaten,bob'd and thumpt,
And on record left them the heires of ſhame.
Shall theſe enioy our land, lie with our wiues?
Rauiſh our daughters,harke I heare there Drum,
Fight

Fight Gentlemen of *Englan*
Draw Archers, draw your
Spur your proud horſes hard
Amaze the welking with yo
What ſayes Lord *Stanley* wi
Meſ. My Lord he doth d
Kin. Off with his ſonne
Nor. My Lord, the Enem
After the battell let *George*
Kin. A thouſand hearts are
Aduance our ſtandards, ſet
Our ancient word of coura
Inſpire vs with the ſpleene o
Vpon them,victory ſits on o
Alarum excurſions
Cat. Reſcew my Lord of *N*
The King enacts more won
Daring and oppoſite to eue
His horſe is ſlaine,and all o
Seeking for *Richmond* in th
Reſcew faire Lord,or elſe th
Kin. A horſe,a horſe,my K
Cat. Withdraw my *Lord*,
Kin. Slaue I haue ſet my li
And I will ſtand the hazzar
I thinke there be ſixe *Richm*
Fiue haue I ſlaine to day in
A horſe, a horſe, my Kingd
Alarum. Enter Richard &
ſlaine, then retrait being
bearing the Crowne,with
Rich. God and your arme
The day is ours,the bloody
Dar. Couragious *Richm*
Loe here this long vſurpe
From the dead temples of t
Haue I pluckt off to grace t
Weare it, and make much
Rich. Great God of Hea

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22321) LONDON, 1634 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 37